MEN WHO LIVE IN SOLITUDE,

ON LONELY ISLETS, ON PLANTATIONS, IN GREAT CITIES.

Thousands Scattered About Who Have Fallen Under the Thrall of Solitude—An Ocean Island Hermit—The Solitary Life of Jamaica—A New York Case.

Ever since "Robinson Crusoe" was written the castaway on a desert island has been a favorite character in fiction. Novelist after novelist has told how the man on the morning after the wreck put up a tall pole on the seashore and tied his shirt to it in order to attract the notice of passing ships. For months or years he lived upon the island, utterly miserable because he was isolated from his kind, and when at last the long-looked-for sail rose above the horizon he went nearly mad with joy.

While sticking to facts, the novelist might very easily show another kind of Robinson Crusoe, one who grew to love his island solitude and hated the idea of leaving it and mixing with his fellow men again.

Everybody who has travelled in out-of-the-way places knows that solitude has a wonderful fascination over almost all men after they have experienced it for some little time and got over its strangeness. There are thousands of men in various parts of the world who live lives as solitary as that of Robinson Crusoe, simply because they prefer such an existence to the society of their fellows.

The captain of a West Indian banana steamer tells a curious story of an adventure which happened to him when he was the first mate of a British tramp.

On a voyage from Cape Town to Wellington, New Zealand, his vessel passed close to a coral islet. Looking through his telescope, he saw a white man, clothed in rags, standing on the beach. Knowing the place to be a desert island, the captain concluded that the man was a castaway, and sent a boat ashore under command of the first mate to rescue him.

As soon as he saw the boat leave the ship's side the man ran away into the jungle which covered most of the islet. Thinking he was mad, the boat's crew searched for half an hour, until they found him concealed beneath some bushes.

"Come along, my man," said the mate, gently and soothingly. "Why did you run away? We want to take you home."

"I do not wish to go," replied the man, in an educated, refined voice. "I shall not go unless I am carried. I came here ten years ago because I wished to be alone and quiet. I have everything I wish for, thank you, except solitude at this present moment. Pardon me if I seem inhospitable, but will you be good enough to take what you want and go away? I may explain that the craving for solitude is almost a monomania with me."

"But why on earth did you run way?" asked the mate, in amazement. "I'm sure we don't want to take you if you don't want to come."

"You are more considerate than most people, then," was the reply. "Several ships have stopped here during the last ten years, and usually the captains seemed inclined to take me away by force. They thought me mad, which I am not. I only escaped abduction last time by hiding."

"Can we do anything for you? Provisions? Tools? Books?" the mate asked.

The man smiled

"You are very kind," he said, "but I have all I require. I have read all the books I wish to read. I have not opened a book since I left Oxford, eleven years ago."

"But how do you pass the time?" he was asked.

"In my leisure moments I usually write poetry. It would be very kind of you to give me some pens, ink and paper. My last supply, secured from a German war ship which happened to call here, is almost exhausted."

Writing materials were given him, and as they parted the mate asked:

"Can I take any message to your people at home? Things may have happened which would induce you to return."

"You are very sympathetic, but no hidden tragedy in my life has driven me to this place," was the answer. "I am here simply because I prefer it and I do not contemplate ever wishing to return."

A few weeks ago an American passed Sombrero Island on a voyage from Trinidad to New York. It is a precipitous rock on which the British Government maintains a lighthouse and is the most northerly of the Caribbean islands.

"What a lonely spot for a lighthouse keeper!" exclaimed a passenger. "He must be a miserable man."

"Not at all," said one of the ship's officers. "He enjoys it. He's the only man on the island and he never cares to leave it.

"He's been there for years and absolutely refuses to take a wife or a mate to live with him. He is entitled to regular holidays but he won't take them.

"The Government, fearing that he will go mad, almost begs him to take a change now and then, but he always says he'd rather stay. Once he was persuaded to go to Anguilla for a month's holiday.

"Anguilla is a tiny island with about four thousand inhabitants, and you would think it the quietest place on earth. But in less than a week the lighthouse keeper said there was too much noise and bustle, and went back to Sombrero."

This man passes the time by taming the seabirds that swarm around the lighthouse. He loves them better than his fellow men.

In the island of Jamaica there are scores of Englishmen, Americans and Scotsmen leading lives almost as solitary as if they were on a desert island. They are the planters or overseers of coffee, fruit, and cocoa estates.

"They live in the great house of the plantation, as the negroes call it, and their nearest white neighbor lives perhaps twenty or thirty miles away. Most of them are young unmarried men, but some are gray-bearded veterans of solitude, who have lived alone all their days and could not live any other way.

They frequently do not see another white face for weeks, or even months, at a time. There is nothing to prevent them from mixing with their kind, if they choose.

In the country districts of Jamaica somebody is always giving a ball or a dinner or a tennis party. All that a man has to do, if he tires of his own company, is to saddle his pony and ride ten or twenty miles to another plantation. He is warmly welcomed in the hospitable creole fashion, and may spend a pleasant evening with music and conversation.

But the man of solitude prefers to sit on his own veranda after dinner, smoke his cigar and try to count the fireflies flitting through the chocolate trees. This he does year after year until he becomes an old man.

"I went out to dinner last week," said one of these Crusoes of the bush. "First time for over a year I'd left the plantation. Wish I hadn't.

"Good dinner, charming people. Dear old lady, the mother; nice girls, too; played me Mendelssohn's 'Consolation' and the 'Spring Song' after dinner. I hadn't heard any good music for over five years. But I wished I hadn't gone.

"Too much racket for me. I was glad to get back to this quiet old plantation and be alone again. I'm no good for society. I suppose I'm selfish, but I prefer my own company to anybody's."

This man is a type of thousands. Many of them are highly educated men, with cultivated tastes and talents.

An overseer in Jamaica, who never sees another white man if he can avoid doing so, is a gifted musician. Every evening, after dinner, he sits down at his organ and plays the masterpieces of Beethoven and Palestrina until it is time to go to bed.

Another has published anonymously a work on psychology which attracted attention and was wrongfully attributed to several distinguished men. If a visitor can talk intelligently on questions of metaphysics and psychology, this man gives him a hearty welcome to his plantation; if not, he prefers to be left alone.

Some of these men write poetry by the yard and send it to the local newspapers. It is usually rubbish, but occasionally it has merit. Here is an example, written by a Jamaican under the pseudonym "Tom Redcam," which gives an idea why some of these hermits shun cities and men:

The night on the town has fallen,
And the gas lamps, few and far,
Outflame like the picket fires
On the rim of a lonely war.

The lights of the town, Madonna,
Are the eyes of a soul's despair,
The streets are the thoughts, Madonna,
That are dreary and dark and bare.

The light that the world affords us,
Though we win where it burns its best,
Reveals but the pain and the hurry,
The stir of a street's unrest.

And we turn from a street's confusion,
From the toil and the city's pain,
From all that the heart desires,
And all that the hand can gain.

For what if we win it or lose it—
The praise that the world bestows?
It fades like a gathered blossom,
It dies like a withering rose.

Ah, the calm of God, Madonna,
It is far from the streets away,
And, seeking that calm, Madonna,
The hearts of thy children stray.

A young Englishman, who lived alone on an isolated plantation, got all his pleasure in life out of a gramaphone. He would spend hours every evening alone listening to it.

He was never known to spend a night away from it. It was all the society he cared for—until he met "the only girl in the world" and married her. She soon civilized him.

When a man falls under the thraldom of solitude, marriage is the only cure, but often he will not marry, simply because he would have to give up his hermit's life.

A young American planter of the sea coast of Jamaica was in that position. He loved a pretty and charming creole girl, and she cared for him. But somehow he would not make the plunge.

He hated the idea of losing her, and yet he hated as much the idea of giving up his solitary life. Month after month he delayed the formal proposal, which everybody was expecting, until at last the affair had a natural result—the girl married another man out of pique.

That made the American a confirmed misanthrope, and now he is ranked among the most solitary of all the hermits in Jamaica.

But it is not necessary to go to the tropics to learn the thraldom of solitude. Many men in the heart of great cities know it as intimately as Alexander Selkirk ever did.

One such man is the head of a large banking concern in New York. He lives alone save for his servants, to whom he only speaks to give commands. That is seldom necessary, as they know by long usage exactly what he wants on all occasions.

He has no friends, hardly a single acquaintance, never a visitor. Every day he walks to his office from his home and walks back—two miles each way.

At his office he is merely a highly organized machine transacting business in which he takes no personal interest. He never chats with anybody or lets anybody chat with him.

After dinner his real day begins. He lives in his books all the evening and every evening. Reading is all he cares for. He never goes out anywhere and never has a soul to visit him. His day at the office is nothing but a dream and his real life does not begin till he takes up his book.

This man is essentially a hermit from choice. He could not be more completely under the thraldom of solitude if he lived on a desert island in the Pacific.

USES OF FIREFLIES.

They Supply Light to Read By and to Shoot By—A Firefly Telegraph.

"In the tropics," says G. R. O'Reilly, the naturalist, "the fireflies may be made to serve many purposes. For instance, they supply light to read by.

"One night when stormbound in the forest-covered mountains of Pavia, in eastern Venezuela, my companions complained of the monotony of having nothing to do.

"'How jolly it would be,' he said, 'if we only had a lamp and some books!'

"'Why, I've got "Don Quixote" in the sack,' said I, 'and I'll soon have a light.'

"I jumped from my hammock, caught a firefly, and soon, with 'Don Quixote' open, was reading aloud in such darkness that none of us could see the faces of the others.

"I had only one firefly, yet it was quite sufficient, because I used it properly. I held the little creature between finger and thumb, close to the page, and as I passed it along the lines of print, word after word became successively visible and passed from my lips as freely as if I had had the whole page plainly before me, instead of a little circle of light, illuminating word after word as it moved steadily along the paper.

"On another occasion I came across a snake in the dark and resolved to catch him. Accordingly I decided to mark the spot and return immediately with a lantern. To mark the spot, however, in such darkness was difficult.

"Fireflies were passing quite near me I was smoking a cigarette, and had some fine copper wire in my pocket. I waved the glowing point of the cigarette about my head with one hand, and held my hat in the other. Soon a firefly sailed near me, attracted by the light. I knocked it down with the hat and secured it.

"In the same manner I got two others, tied them all together with the bit of copper wire, hung them on a branch over the pathway close by where the snake was, and then hurried home for a lantern.

"When I returned my firefly beacon was still there, glowing as brightly as ever. My lantern soon revealed a large snake just finishing his meal. I captured him without difficulty. Then, thanking the fireflies for their services, I turned them loose.

"Another night, wishing to shoot a large white owl when it was too dark to see the sights of the gun, a new use for fireflies flashed across my mind. Taking two of the insects, I killed them, and 'pulling off the luminous part of each I placed the phosphorescent substance on the fore sight and back sight of the gun barrel.

"By this means I brought down the owl without difficulty, the pale, weak light on the sights being just sufficient to aim by, and yet not so strong as to dazzle the eyes.

"A Venezuelan gentleman, whom I met at Caracas, told me how his life once was saved by the use of a firefly. During a revolution, being taken prisoner, he was confined in a house near the forest under a guard of soldiers. He had learned telegraphy while at school, and his friends remembered that fact when every other plan of communicating with him had failed.

"But they could not imagine how to telegraph to him without exciting the suspicions of his guards, until at last they thought that, by confining a large firefly so that its light would show steadily among the trees, a telegrapher might, by alternately hiding and exposing its light, send a message to him while he sat smoking in the window of his prison.

"During the day, when he sat smoking by the window, they got a boy to ride past on a mule, singing a verse of a song

Quando el mundo duerme,
Mirad los cucullos,
Mi Corazon!

"That is, 'When every one is asleep, look out at the fireflies, my dear.' The singer was a boy whom the prisoner knew well, and he naturally suspected that some hint was intended for him. He could not understand exactly what was meant, but, nevertheless, he watched for the fireflies.

"He saw only one, but that one spoke a silent language, and he answered it by alternately hiding and exposing his lighted cigarette. His escape was planned so well that he got away that very night, and lived to tell me the story many years afterward."

EXERCISE WITH THE DISHPAN

A SOURCE OF HEALTH AND GRACE IN THE KITCHEN.

Especially for the Girl Who Does Her Own Housework Is It Valuable; but It Is Available to Everybody Who Wants Good Spirits—Dishpan Gymnastics.

The girl bachelor who does her own housework, has right at hand the implement for making herself slender, graceful and pretty.

This implement is the dishpan, and with its aid she can become as sylphlike as the most graceful girl of her acquaintance.

It is often the case that the girl who does her own housework is too tired to practise gymnastics or is too busy to do so. Often she has no dumbbells and no Indian clubs, while such things as vaulting poles and horizontal bars are far beyond her reach.

Frequently it happens that she is employed during the day and, then, the case is still more complicated, for she comes home weary, and by the time she has prepared her evening meal, or assisted in its preparation, she is so tired that she wants to rest. If she takes her meals out, it is just as bad. She is too tired to exercise.

If she wants to regain her good spirits and to preserve the bloom of youth, with all the elasticity which goes with youth she will have to take up natural healthful exercise for the whole body and to go through with the exercises systematically every day.

In the daily routine of one's work it is often the case that only certain muscles are exercised. It may be that only the hands and arms are brought into play, it may be that the feet and legs are the ones that feel the strain most; it may be that the head is tired. The result is that the muscles grow tired in spots, while the rest of her body goes almost without exercise.

The girl bachelor can turn over a new leaf, and she can begin to-night as soon as she arrives home. Or if she be a girl who lives at home, one of the fortunate ones who are not compelled to go forth every day, she can take up the exercises with all the more vigor and can really benefit herself greatly in a very short time.

The implement which the girl bachelor needs, and the one which is fortunately at hand in every home, is nothing more nor less than an ordinary dishpan. A new dishpan is the pleasantest and the prettiest to handle, but a half-worn one will do as well, or even a discarded dishpan, one that can no longer go to the tinkers to be mended.

It makes no difference as long as the weight is there and the shape. The dishpan is a good implement for exercise for several reasons. First, it is large without being heavy. Second, it has comfortable handles, by which the girl bachelor can take hold of it. Third, it is easily lifted, and while light it is excellent in shape, so that it balances itself, thus making an ideal implement for daily practice.

Dishpan exercises should be practised to music if possible and the girl bachelor can impress her sisters into the service if she will. Perhaps she has an obliging friend who will play the piano, and to its marching time she will prance up and down the room, lifting her feet high and going through the dishpan movements.

She should begin by grasping the dishpan with both hands and lifting it high over her head. She should do this ten times.

Then she can hold it out in front of her and bring it back again, out and back, until she has performed this motion ten times. Then she can lower it in front of her, going through these gymnastic exercises over and over again.

The exercises with the feet are interesting, because they are more difficult. The dishpan is held out at arm's length and is then kicked by the one who holds it.

It is not a difficult feat to hold out the pan and kick it, but little by little the pan should be lifted and, the girl who holds it must keep on kicking, higher and higher, until she has raised it as high as her head. In the right kind of costume it is not hard to kick as high as your head and the girl athlete will soon be able to do this.

The arms and the fingers and all the muscles of the shoulders can be exercised by drumming. Let the pan be held out and let the girl drum upon it with the knuckles.

Then let her drum on it with her fingers, her knuckles and her wrists and let her keep on drumming until her arm is tired. Now, if she will reverse hands and will drum with the other hand she will succeed in getting the right amount of exercise out of the pan.

A girl can get better exercise, athletically speaking, with this implement than she could with dumbbells, for it is lighter and it gives a broader reach for the arms, and consequently a better play for the muscles.

For the girl who comes home tired and assists in getting her own evening meal and takes the dishpan exercise after dinner, there is a refreshing bath which she would do well to try. It begins with a hot tubbing, not too hot, only refreshingly so.

Into the tub there goes a pint of aromatic vinegar, home made and delicious, and, when the bath has been taken, there comes a rubbing with witch hazel, for the athlete must not let herself get stiff or tired.

Those who can bear glycerine on the skin will find that it makes a refreshing material for body massage. It should not be used clear, but mixed with rose water, in sufficient quantity to make a nice lotion for the hands. Rub it well into the whole body and especially into the limbs that were exercised during the gymnastic movements.

The trained all-around athletic girl, after she has jumped her hurdles, run her mile and done her wrestling, will take a quick bath, and will then be well rubbed down by her trainer. Often the bath is omitted, and in place of the bath comes the massage with rose water and glycerine, or bay rum and alcohol, or pure alcohol, or witch hazel and glycerine. There are also cold creams which can be thinned until they can be used for massage.

A refreshing bath water is made with orange-flower water as a basis. Take a quart of it and add half an ounce each of rose water and the extracts of jasmine, cassia and vanilla. A little of this is very pleasant added to the bath or used separately in the massage.

A bath perfume for those who like a heavy odor is made by dissolving a grain of musk in a quart of spirits of cologne. Let it stand two weeks and add to the bath water.

The woman or girl who is just beginning to take a course of exercise will very often be so stiff and sore in her muscles as to be nearly ill; and this unpleasant condition will keep her from exercising again. It not infrequently happens that, after fifteen minutes of exercise, she will feel herself strained, and that, the following day, she will scarcely be able to walk.

This is due, first, to the taking of too violent exercise at first; second, to improper care after the exercise, and, third, to the fact that the woman was in no condition to begin taking the gymnastic exercises.

Before you exercise you must be sure that you have just the right amount of food in the stomach. There must not be any undigested food, for one cannot exercise on a full stomach, nor must the stomach be empty to the point of goneness. One should wait about an hour after a meal, when the food, if of the proper kind, will be at just about the right stage of digestion.

Then the woman who takes up athletics must be sure that she is in good condition hygienically. The body must be thoroughly cleansed as to its pores, and it must not be chilled nor overheated.

If possible, the clothing should be very loose, and a gymnasium suit should be worn, for then there is the right amount of ventilation. The girl who starts in to do gymnastic exercises in her street dress, tight around the waist, will surely come to grief, for she will strain her muscles and injure herself, causing a great deal more damage than she thinks is possible.

The dishpan exercises are recommended for those matrons who have grown too stout. The exercises will give them a loose, full movement of the arms, while the lower limbs will also benefit by them.

The woman who cannot stoop to pick up a book; the girl who gets red in the face when she tries to rescue her fan from the floor; the girl or woman who could not pick a pin off the floor without doubling up and bending the knees, should all start in on the dishpan exercise, for it is a quick and easy road to grace.

There have been various implements suggested for the improvement of the bachelor girl from an athletic point of view, but there are very few that offer so tempting possibilities as the dishpan, and the girl bachelor who washes her own dishes will soon get into the habit of bestowing a kick or two upon the pan at the conclusion of the work, and of lifting it up and down above her head, just for the sake of exercise.

Those women who manipulate a chafing dish and handle the delicate china after the meal, whose blue plates, cups and saucers are far too precious to be entrusted to the kitchen tray, can practice the dishpan exercises and can use for this purpose the little dishpan which now accompanies every chafing dish.

If the dishpan be a silver one, as so many dishpans are nowadays, why so much the better, for there will be just so much more temptation to practise with it, and the athletes will become perfect just so much the sooner from the delight of handling the silver pan.

BRYAN'S FRIEND IN A NEW ROLE.

Undertaker John McCarthy Raising Potatoes in His Front Yard.

SYRACUSE, July 18.—People who pass the fine residence at 110 Hawley avenue are astonished to see potato hills where a month ago was a beautiful lawn. If it happens to be about 7 o'clock in the evening, a man of mature years may be seen vigorously hoing and pulling weeds. He makes no response to frequent shouts of "How are the potatoes, Mac?" but keeps on hoing, smiling to himself.

That man is John McCarthy, a wealthy undertaker and famous champion of William Jennings Bryan. Early in June, he became alarmed at the continued drought and determined to supply himself with potatoes for the winter. He reasoned that he had been watering his lawn with a hose, thereby wasting both water and land which might be put to use in staying the famine.

When he told his neighbors that he was going to plough up his spacious front lawn and plant potatoes there no one doubted that he would do it. People remembered some things which proved him to be a man of his word.

They remembered that he bet his last dollar on Grover Cleveland and when he had nothing else to put up wagered his hearse against a wheelbarrow—and won a fortune and a wheelbarrow. They also remembered that in the next campaign he bet his last dollar against Cleveland and again won.

This ended his heavy betting and although in both Bryan campaigns he attracted attention throughout the country by his flaming circulars and hired the Alhambra with his own money for Bryan to speak in, he knew better than to risk his fortune on the silverite.

True to his word Mr. McCarthy has a front yard of potatoes in one of the swellest residence districts of the city. The potatoes are growing nicely.

"Why did I do it?" said McCarthy. "It was for two reasons: I was afraid of a famine and I wanted to set a good example to the extravagant people who live around me.

"I tried to get a farmer to guarantee me my winter supply of potatoes at $5 a bushel, but the ground was so dry that no one would do it. We had no rain for two months. I then decided to make provision for my family and my horses for a year.

"First I looked out for the horses. I had to pay $20 a ton for hay and I bought a year's supply. Oats cost me 40 cents a bushel. I laid in a year's supply of our and stocked up with everything that would keep."

"Then I tried to have my potatoes guaranteed, but none of the farmers would do it. That settled it and I got a farmer to plough up my lawn, for which I gave him $8. So far the potatoes have cost me $12."

"The lot is 100 by 80 feet and I am looking for about 30 bushels. At the time I planted them, a famine was threatened, and if it had not rained you can see how valuable my crop would have been."

Bishop Patrick A. Ludden of the diocese of Central New York was passing by one day when Mr. McCarthy was hoeing his potatoes and said to him:

"John, you didn't put much faith in God to take care of you when you planted those potatoes. You know he has promised seed time and harvest."

"God helps those who help themselves," was the response. "I never knew a man to get potatoes without doing something himself. The wise virgins kept their lamps trimmed and burning."

The Bishop admitted that McCarthy was in the right.

LAZY BEGGARS.

Won't Take the Trouble to Invent New Stories—Givers Equally Lazy.

"It would seem," said a New Yorker, "that, having ample time, beggars would think up new stories to excite the charitable; that pride in their profession would prompt them to do this, if nothing else did, and, if they had no such pride, that a due regard for results would prompt them at least to think up stories that would hold water; but the proverbially lazy beggar will not even take the trouble to do that.

"A begging man said to me yesterday that he wished I'd help him to get something to eat, that he'd been laid up in a hospital three weeks, having had a fall off a scaffold. I gave him a nickel, realizing, of course, that his story was old, but not realizing, at the moment, as I did later, that it was just now impossible.

"There's been a general strike on in this town for six weeks or more, during which time nobody has been on a scaffold here at all, and so nobody could have fallen off one. I doubt if this man that asked me for the money had ever been on a scaffold anywhere, but he certainly hadn't been on one, and so couldn't have fallen off one, as by him described—not here, anyway. But he hadn't even tried to invent a story to fit the situation. He just fell off a scaffold, and let it go at that.

"Lazy? Why, lazy's no name for it; and I was too lazy, or too thoughtless to realize the impossibility of the story at the time; but I don't give out any more money on scaffold stories for at least six weeks, anyhow; and so I think I shall be something in on the deal.

A MODERN ULYSSES.

How Home-Coming Jack Passed the Sirens of New York and Bought a Farm.

Of the temptations that beset the home-coming Jack; of his weakness in the face of them, and of the Ulyssean measures which one old salt, made wise by many sad experiences, employed to secure himself against the song of the Sirens, a naval officer of high rank has this story to tell:

There was an old boatswain named Sam on board the last ship which this officer commanded before going on shore duty. Sam had served his country some thirty years when his last cruise took him to the Asiatic station and kept him there for more than three years. At the end of that time he had some $900 to his credit, which would be paid over to him as soon as the ship reached New York.

One evening just before the home shore was sighted the Captain was on the quarter-deck when Sam approached him, tugging his old-fashioned forelock and scraping with his foot as he bowed. He was an old favorite and could get an audience at any time.

"We'll soon be home, Cap'n," he began.

"Right you are, Sammy, and I suppose you'll be happy to get a rest at last."

"Maybe I am and maybe I ain't—there's my sister Sally."

"Well, won't you be glad to see her?"

"Maybe I will and maybe I won't—there's the $800 coming to me."

"The more welcome you should be, Sammy."

"Ya-as; and Sally wants me to buy a farm and stay home."

"Splendid idea, Sammy. I'm sure you'll end as a bloated landholder."

"Ya-as; but there's New York 'tween Sally and the money."

"And what of it?"

"Well, you know, New York is a pretty fine city and—and I've been gone a durned long time and—if I get through New York with any money left, that'll be the first time in my experience."

The Captain understood.

"How far away does Sally live?" he asked.

"Thirty-five miles, Cap'n."

"Can't you get there without passing New York?"

"Can't be done, Cap'n, and that's just the rub."

"It's the worst blankety-blank thing I ever heard of," remarked the Captain reproachfully, "that an old, seasoned, sensible chap like you must be so weak."

"It's a ship's length beyond all excuse," the old man admitted in a mournful tone. "But I can't help it, Cap'n. I suppose it's in the land air."

The Captain was thinking hard.

"How would it be for me to send an officer with you through the city?"

"That's terribly kind o' you, Cap'n, but—there ain't no man strong enough in the navy to hold me when I feel the smell of the grogshops."

"I shall go with you myself," the Captain declared.

Sam shifted from one foot to the other and looked indescribably unhappy.

"I'm afeerd——" he began.

"I'll take you in a carriage—a closed one."

"God bless you, Cap'n, but I'll be blamed if I don't think I might jump out."

"Then I'll be danged if I know what to do for you," the Captain concluded in despair.

"There might be just one way what I've been thinking of——but, of course, that's really too much——"

"Sing out, and don't be afraid."

"S'posing you went with me in a carriage——and the carriage was closed——" the old man was twisting about as if in pain—"and—and my hands and feet were tied up, and you didn't let me loose till we got outside the town——I don't know, Cap'n, but I guess I might get through with the money."

The old man's plan was carried out to the letter. He begged and prayed and swore while the carriage was passing through the streets of New York, but, like Ulysses tied to the mast, he was helpless, and the Captain remained as deaf to the old fellow's entreaties and outbursts of profanity as if his ears had been filled with wax, like those of the Ulyssean crew.

Once beyond the city, Sam calmed down. At Sally's door, but not until the money had passed into her hands, the Captain left his charge. That's how the farm came to be bought.

But to this day Sam vows that but for the ropes that held him during those moments of supreme temptation, he would still be cruising on the high seas, as poor as ever.

THE HEEL OF A WOMAN'S BOOT.

Outline of a Romance Suggested by a Stranger With a Purple Nose.

When he first appeared in front of the office boy at the entrance to THE SUN'S editorial rooms, nothing less than an interview with the editor-in-chief would satisfy him. The boy threw a tired glance at the stranger's purple nose, stubbled chin and faded coat and persuaded him to communicate his errand to an ordinary reporter.

Pulling a parcel from one of his coat pockets, he began to free this from its coverings of tissue paper. Finally the last sheet of paper fell to the floor. The man raised a trembling hand, between the thumb and forefinger of which he held part of the heel of a woman's shoe.

"French, you see," he began hoarsely. "Rather dainty, don't you think? There's a story in it. I'll sell it at double space rates."

"What is it?" demanded the reporter. "What are the facts?"

"There ain't any," replied the stranger. "That's the beauty of the story. Nothing at all to hamper you—just bring your imagination to bear on this little object, and then make up your own story. That's what you newspaper fellows like best, ain't it?"

"I guess it is not in our line," said the reporter. "Better go somewhere else."

He turned to leave, but was grabbed by the arm and held back.

"Don't go yet, young man," cried the stranger, eagerly. "You are missing the chance of your lifetime. Just think what a lot of romance lies hidden in this thing here.

"I'll tell you how I found it. There was a rush of young women to the soda fountain in the corner drug store. I watched the little darlings. They fought like wildcats to get served first. That's in the nature of the sex.

"When the rush was over this heel was lying on the floor——"

"Well?" said the reporter.

"Well," repeated the stranger, reproachfully. "I took you for a philosopher when I first set eyes on you and for something of a poet besides. But, of course, if I am mistaken——"

"Can't you give me the gist of your tale, if you have any?" the reporter asked.

"I have heard of men who could give you a complete description of an animal after just seeing a piece of bone that had belonged to it," mused the stranger. "Couldn't you tell by this what the nature may be of the charming creature who dropped it? By the bye, she must be limping now, poor thing. Well, you need not print that if you don't want to."

"Really, I don't see any story," said the reporter.

"It's French," the stranger went on, growing more and more dreamily enthusiastic. "It's of the extreme kind—so high, so high—she must be coquettish as a kitten. Much worn, too—a little poverty, a little improvidence, and much grief of heart.

"It's worn on the outside. You can bet she has a charming, slightly undulating walk. No slovenly sliding or stepping high for hers.

"Then it's so very narrow. That means she is single, or married to a fool. Also, she is a little fool herself, but sweet. The base of the heel was once wider——"

"Pot," the reporter said. "Get out of here."

Off he went. The stranger looked after him for a while. Then he began slowly to wrap up the heel again, picking one piece of paper after another from the floor for the purpose.

"Too bad," he confided to the office boy, as he replaced the complete parcel in his pocket. "The press is going down, degenerating—I think this one of the best stories offered them for a long while."

LOTS SOLD BY CANVASSERS.

A CHANGE IN THE BUSINESS OF REALTY COMPANIES.

Once People Who Wanted to Build Homes Went to Them—Now the Customers Are Sought Out—Good Lot Salesmen Scarce—Ingenious Ways of Selling Lots.

The big realty companies in this part of the country have seen their business undergo surprising changes in the last six or eight years. Before that time people who wanted to build modest homes would go to the companies' offices. This is changed now. The lots are sold, more and more, by canvassers.

One of the leading men in a concern that buys up large tracts in New Jersey and sells them said the other day that the sales he now makes in the office in three days would not keep the business afloat for a day. Canvassers dispose of the property, for the people will not come; they must be sought out.

It is not an easy thing to get good building lot salesmen. Men who have made marked successes in other lines of canvassing fail utterly when it comes to selling lots.

The work is in many ways hard and not infrequently distasteful. Many good canvassers make from $30 to $50 a week. Now and then a good man is put on a salary of something like $100 a week.

"The trouble is," said a real estate man, "good men have not yet discovered that this is a good business. We get the riffraff now, fellows who have made failures of themselves and who are drifting about looking for some way by which they can make a living without work.

"Now and then we get a good man and he stays because he finds it is a good business with a great field. The majority drop out within a fortnight. I had fifteen new men in here last Monday. Next Monday there won't be more than three or four of them, but there'll be a new batch ready to try their luck.

"One of the best men we have is a carpenter by trade. Another good man was once a minister of the Gospel who took to drinking. He doesn't touch a thing now, and he is making more money than he ever made in his life. We have a little Italian who earns his $40 a week. He works among his own people, and how he does it I don't know, but he sells lots in bunches among them."

"Some of our best men invest quite a little capital," said another man, "before they get the business where they want it. We have one chap who used to be a builder. He lost all his money.

"Soon after he came with us he set to work to make a small model of a house. He put in all his evenings on it for a month or so. The framework will fold up, and the partition and exterior walls are made in sections of tin, painted.

"He can throw open any room by removing certain exterior walls, when you get a peep into a tiny room, the walls of which are attractively painted. Then he has a way of enlarging this house, of putting on a veranda, and of adding what would amount to say fifteen or twenty feet to its frontage.

"He will, so to speak, build you a $2,500 house before your eyes, and then, if that doesn't suit, he will make his extensions and there you have a $5,000 house. He is a wise man, because, as building is his strong point, he makes the lots attractive by showing, from his own practical knowledge, what kind of structure you may build on it after you've got it.

"This canvasser makes the house proposition so fascinating that the family becomes possessed with the idea of having a home of its own, and so the lot is sold. His set of tin wall slides is increasing every week, and he thinks he is getting the business down to a finer point constantly.

"We have another fellow, scarcely more than a boy, who has taken a series of pictures of the properties we sell, and he's very clever at it. Then he has had lantern slides made and he carries around his lantern and slide outfit evenings to the homes of workingmen, having made an appointment in one tenement or another beforehand.

"He works up two and sometimes three of these exhibitions for each week and most of his time in the day is put to getting friends of the family where the exhibition is to be given to come. Then, on the night appointed, he sets up his lantern in the dining or sitting room, or in the parlor, if the family possesses such an apartment, and he shows his slides.

"He has a regular lecture which he gives, and he burned the midnight oil on that lecture for a long time before he first gave it. He studies the company he gives the show to and he cuts out or adds on depending upon his audience.

"You see, a large part of New Jersey soil is historical. You can scratch up a fairly good and reasonably authentic story about nearly every square mile of it. You can't always get a Washington's headquarters on the property or even within ten miles of it, but you can find something or other pertaining to the Revolution if you try real hard.

"This sort of thing goes with some crowds, but with others it is of no use, and this canvasser is careful to cut it out when he is satisfied that it would do no business for him. His slides show the prettiest parts of the property, the photographs have a way of throwing a sort of glamour over the uninteresting parts that is very satisfactory from our standpoint.

"He has slides of the houses already built, and he also has a few interiors. That chap never falls behind $35 a week, and he has been doing this for over a year. He will continue to do as well if not better, if business continues good."

There are other canvassers who are at their strongest in going around the shops and factories during the men's nooning. They get any amount of jollying at times, but some seem to have a gift for corralling six or eight and sometimes a dozen men all at one jump.

A FAMOUS OLD HUNTER DEAD.

Parmly Killed 3,000 Deer, 400 Bears and Much Other Game in His Long Career.

CORNING, N. Y., July 18.—Isaac Parmly, the last of a group of famous hunters, trappers and woodsmen of northern Pennsylvania who settled in that region while it was yet an unbroken wilderness, died at Grassy Island recently aged 90. He was a hunter while elk, wolves and panthers were yet plentiful in the Pennsylvania forests. In a statement made by him a few years ago he said he had killed 47 elk, 32 panthers, more wolves than he could remember, 400 bears and more than 3,000 deer, all on the watersheds of the Allegheny and Susquehanna.

Among the adventures in the woods that he was fond of relating was a regular Israel Putnam experience with wolves. He surprised two wolves one day devouring a deer he had killed, pursued them into a cave, shot one and killed the other with a knife after a desperate fight.

At one period in the early career of Parmly as a hunter wolves were such a pest to the settlements that the Commissioners of McKean county, Pa., placed a bounty of $25 a scalp on them. Parmly, the Nelsons, Zenos Cowley, the Parkers, George Rae and others of the pioneer hunters and trappers returned so many wolf scalps to the treasury in the first year that payments on them exhausted the funds, and the next year the county had to issue scrip to meet the demands of the wolf slayers. The bounty was then reduced to $8 to save the county's credit, and for years wolf scrip was part of the recognized currency of that region of the State.

Parmly was in at the death, forty years ago, of the last elk in Pennsylvania, which was followed from Flag Swamp, in Elk county, to the headwaters of the Clarion River, and killed there by Parmly, Indian Jim Jacobs, Seth Nelson and George Parker.

Parmly leaves many descendants in Steuben and other southern tier counties.